

Periodical



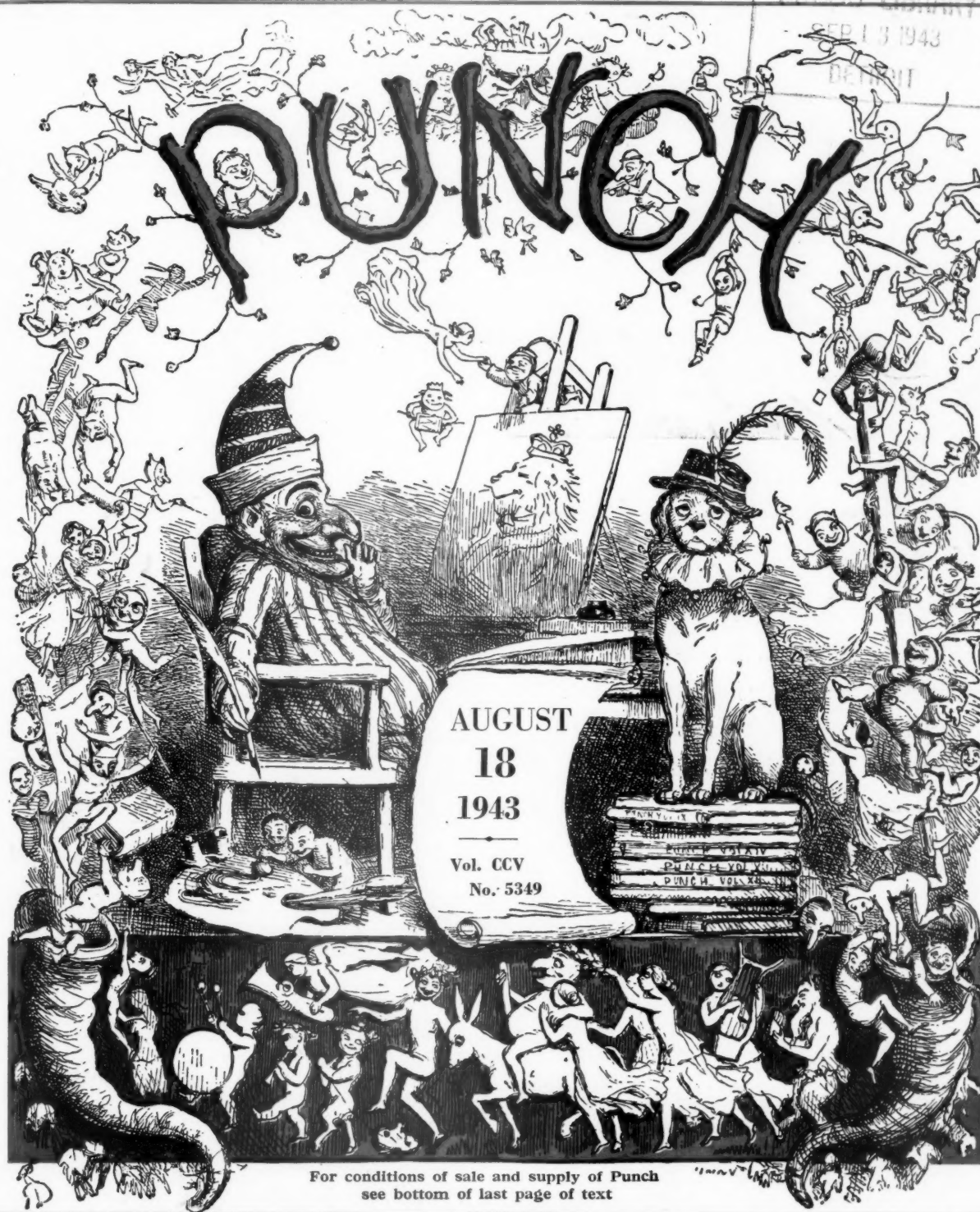
Remember **CADBURY** means quality

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DETROIT

PUNCH



AUGUST
18
1943

Vol. CCV
No. 5349

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see bottom of last page of text

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CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.
CORPORATION
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TOBACCO, pipe, all ranks, for the use of.

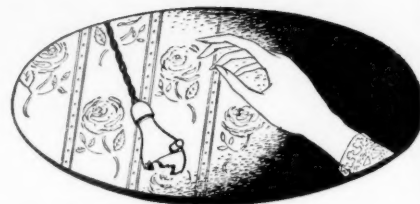
What's this? Blimey! They must be making an issue of **FOUR SQUARE**. That's the only baccy that suits all ranks and tastes, seeing it's made in 6 different blends, and has no artificial scent or flavouring. Make out an indent, Jones. Here's the list.

"VIRGINIAS"		"MIXTURES"
RED SQUARES. A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. 'Broken flake' of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting - per oz. 2/11	YELLOW SQUARES. Similar style to Matured Virginia but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type per oz. 2/7	BLUE SQUARES. A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Rich in natural aroma but not heady. Medium cut - per oz. 2/11
BROWN SQUARES. A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour - per oz. 2/7	PURPLE SQUARES. Curlies. The ever popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavoursome and long-lasting - per oz. 2/7	GREEN SQUARES. A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf - per oz. 2/7

FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4.

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.



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The real test of anything is the way it stands up to its job, and there have been quite a lot of plastic mouldings which just broke in normal use. There are also a great many which pass the test with flying colours. Why?

The explanation is simply that people who put price before quality have used plastics for wafer-thin, shoddy goods just as they have abused all the other materials. A plastic moulding properly designed and of the right material for the job can and does stand up to a great deal of hard use and ill-use. But if you expect to get all the advantages plastics can give at less than the cost of cheaper materials, your plastics may be brittle. And whose fault will that be?



BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD. • ONE ARCYLL STREET • LONDON W1



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"Break off for fifteen minutes" At last! Time for tea and a 'wad' at the Naafi. It is an old Army custom, this morning rush to the canteen—and a period of tremendous activity for the Naafi girls. Naafi belongs to the Forces; it has no shareholders; serves no private interests; it is financially self-supporting and all its available profits are returned to, or expended for the benefit of, the Forces. Naafi's work, already twenty times greater than before the war, is still growing. Naafi needs Counter Assistants (like the girl in the picture) for home and overseas duties. ★ Apply to any Employment Exchange or to Naafi, Imperial Court, Kennington Lane, S.E. 11.

★ This does not apply to single women (or widows) born in the years 1918-1923.

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air
conditions

VENT-AXIA LTD
8, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.W.1
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"The Admiral," Matilda said,
"Prefers no-button vests,
The General says they're grand, by gad!
And slaps his seamless chest.

Wear slip-ons like the Forces, Sirs,
Join in this button fighting!
The shipping space you save will soon
Start Hitler carpet biting!"

Wolsey

Best of good luck to them both

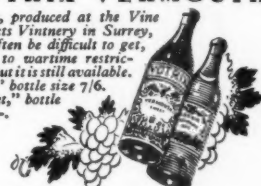


and now for a gin & Votrix

It's one of the occasions when a gin and Votrix is in season. Votrix, of course, is itself a first-rate example of a successful marriage—white wine from Empire grapes and carefully chosen aromatic herbs blended so that the two 'live happily ever after.' That genius in the blending gives Votrix—the British Vermouth—the distinction that is readily recognised and all its own.

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Votrix, produced at the Vine Products Vintners in Surrey, may often be difficult to get, owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. "Dry," bottle size 7/6. "Sweet," bottle size 7/6.



Flavourites
to flavour it

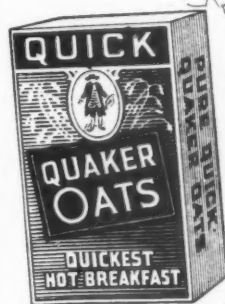


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Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds

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Paper... Rags... Rubber... Bones... Metal
and help—

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ENJOY ALL WE WANT OF WHAT WE LIKE**



**INCLUDING —
QUICK
QUAKER OATS**

—famous the world over for its appetising creamy flavour and nutritive goodness—rich in vital health elements, including the precious tonic Vitamin B₁. Noted, too, for its purity, economy and ease of preparation.

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(REGD. TRADE MARK)

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HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

2610

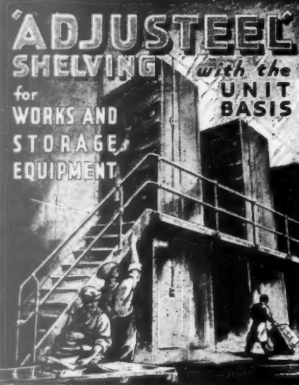
Always
have
HÖVIS

What you
save in
quantity
you gain in
nutrition

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

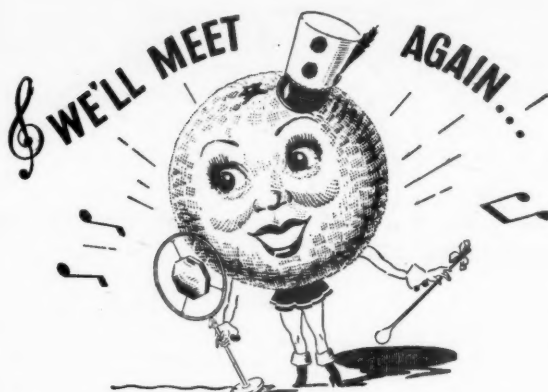
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STORAGE BASIS
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always
PREFER
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SHAPES



'We'll meet again' sings the radio
nightingale, and the troops simply
love it. Yes, when victory is won, you
will meet again many old friends—
among them IDRIS Orange and Lemon

Squashes, those superb drinks made
from the finest fruit procurable. What
a joyous reunion—a deep-seated thirst
and a glass of cool, refreshing IDRIS,
as delicious as in pre-war days!

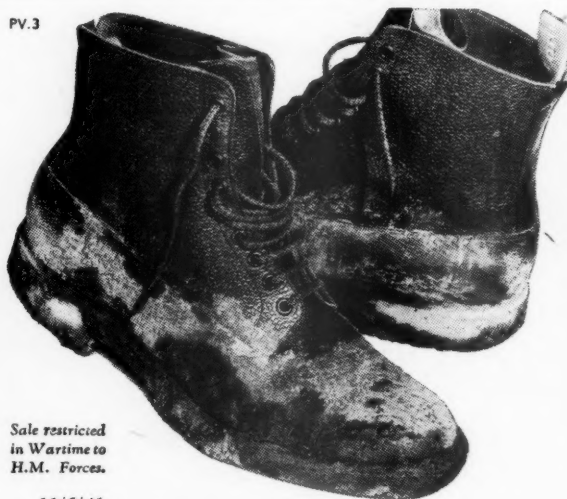
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Table Waters



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE
WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

PV.3



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

11/6/41.

I purchased a pair in 1920. I first used them for farm work, then
on and off for gardening and riding. For some time they lay
neglected in the garage, then six months ago I had them re-soled
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GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

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LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S
MORE THAN ME!




MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture
won't give it up for love or money! It
has a flavour all its own.

Try an ounce of Murray's and see what
you've been missing! 2/8d. an ounce.

MURRAY'S**MELLOW MIXTURE**

MURRAY, SONS AND COMPANY LTD., BELFAST



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"The Light of To-day"

Advertisement of
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Come into the garden, Maud,
For the long, long quest is won.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here with some
Pimm's No. 1,
The delectable nectar
that you implored
Me to find if it could be done.

*With apologies to Tennyson
—and to those whose quest
is not always successful.*

PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP
The original Gin Sling

The "Antiquary"
Finest
Scotch Whisky

OF RARE:
DISTINCTION
WITH THE:
RIGHT AGE:
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RESPECT:

Proprietors
J. & W. HARDIE
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The popular British Cigar with
the mild Havana
flavour.

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5 1/2 inches long,
as illustrat-
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Box of
25 for 27/6
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clears the nasal passages
Chemists, 3/6 & 2/4 (including
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Supplies although restric-
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when happier days return Minton charm and elegance will contribute
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- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
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CELESTA
SHERRY**

15/6 per bottle

Rare, but still the same super-
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**MANY DIFFERENT
UNIFORMS**



**BUT
STILL
THE
ONE
COLLAR**

Never was man's dress so
varied as in these war-time
days of uniforms, but men
still choose 'Van Heusen.'
In 'Civvie Street,' too, men
spend their coupons on
'Van Heusen' Collars which
won their popularity by
their good looks, comfort
and long life.

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SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

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By Appointment
to H.M. The King

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Are
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In common with most other people, we are working under difficulties these days but we are doing everything possible to uphold our standard of high quality. To comply with Government regulations of transport, manpower, and urgent army needs, our output is limited and distribution restricted to certain areas—so make the most of McVitie's biscuits if you are in an area where you can get them.

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The Can so welcome —everywhere

Feeding our fighting men — oversea and under the sea — necessarily means fewer Heinz Varieties for the home larder.

But when you *do* see a can with the old familiar label, whether it be Heinz perfect Soups or oven-baked Beans, know that there under your hand, is true nourishment and flavour — for anything that's labelled Heinz is safe to buy.

And when you open that can, make sure that it provides you and your war-workers with a meal to remember. In this way . . .



HEINZ

HEINZ
HEALTH SALAD

Drain the sauce from a can of Heinz oven-baked Beans and mix Heinz Mayonnaise or Salad Cream with it. Add to the beans some chopped spring onions, if liked, and some chopped parsley. Arrange individual salads on lettuce leaves and top with the delicious dressing and a further sprinkling of fresh parsley.

57 Varieties

Soups

Baked Beans

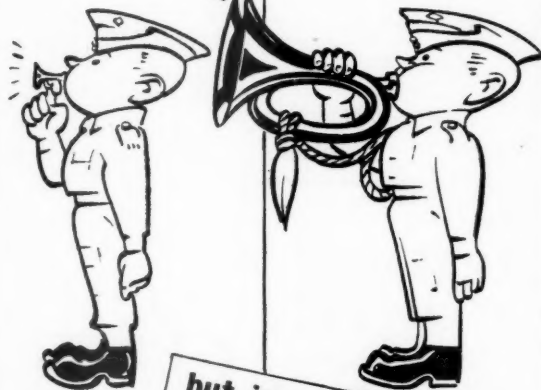
Salad Cream

Mayonnaise

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LIMITED LONDON

Not too
little..

not too
much..



but just right

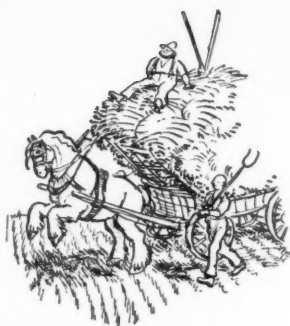
thanks to the
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER OF

ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK



ER 351 - 96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCV No. 5349

August 18 1943

Charivaria

ACCORDING to reliable reports, Hitler's health is giving cause for anxiety. Apparently he's feeling better than he did.

"I once shaved myself during an earthquake," claims a traveller, "and found it quite easy." Ah, yes, but he probably had a blade.



Mussolini, according to a Spanish broadcast, has grown a sparse beard. The situation of the ex-Duce is bristling with difficulties.

A pipe bursting in a brewery caused a flood of beer. This of course was before the war.

A recent House of Lords debate is taken in some quarters as an admission by Lord Beaverbrook that he has heard of the *Daily Herald*.

The war, says a military writer, will probably last another four years. Then it's about time they announced the half-time score.

Impending Apology

"VERNON SERVICES CINEMA

To-day

By General Request this film will be shown for the last time in Valetta

"IN WHICH WE SERVE"

Times of Malta.

A man of seventy-eight was recently charged with stealing apples from an orchard. It is believed that the delinquent had come under the baneful influence of a magic-lantern entertainment about 1875.



Neutral countries are now adopting a firmer tone in their communications with Germany, the great big bullies!

Tableau

"This criticism is not open, as Britishers would be, and consequently is difficult to nail down, but, like a snake in the grass, is whispered behind a hand which covers a sneering face."

Letter in "Rugeley Mercury."

Compensation was paid in America to a man who was injured in a folding bed which closed too soon. A correspondent says he could obtain no redress when he was bitten by a deck-chair on the beach one Bank Holiday.



A contractor's foreman remarks that road-repairing hasn't changed such a lot since his young days. In one or two cases of course it's a different hole.

In court a woman complained that her husband was fonder of his piano-accordion than of her. Apparently the trouble dated back to the time when he first squeezed the piano-accordion and noticed how much more melodious it sounded.

"New Berlin A.R.P. System," says a heading. Yes. All clear.

A lady writes that she and her husband entertained several U.S. soldiers with supper, followed by a guessing game. Every one of the visitors guessed correctly. It was coffee!

One British correspondent was kissed by the mayor of a Sicilian village. Fleet Street is proud of the men who cheerfully run such risks.

It

I FELT no surprise in my dream at the physical appearance of the new Domestic Help. It is one of the stranger qualities of a dream that one feels no surprise at phenomena which in waking life, and even at the moment of waking might well, it seems, have provoked even stronger emotions. The ability of Alice to make a sensible running commentary on the ridiculous goings-on of her dream is, I suppose, one of the principal charms of her Wonderland.

So the fact that the new Domestic Help had a loose tuft of dark hair over Its forehead, a small dark moustache, and a puffed-out face with foolish far-away eyes was by me taken for granted. I did not question Its right to be clothed in the same material as the sofa and chair covers, to be without stockings, and to terminate in a pair of heavy but high-heeled brogues.

In the background of remembered experience (and only oneirologists can say why that background is so large and so precise) I knew many things about the new Domestic Help, which formed no part of the happenings in the dream itself.

I knew for instance that when Its references had been "taken up" one of the phrases in the letter (it stood out clearly in typescript on a light blue paper with a crest at the top) was "Clean, sober, and fond of mice." And this too gave me no surprise. Nor did the knowledge that It was in the habit of dancing a noisy *pas seul* in the kitchen, nor yet that other habit of hardly ever allowing me to leave my flat (which is elevated five stories above the ground) without flinging after me from the window some article which It supposed that I had forgotten.

Now it would be a spare glove, now a book, now an umbrella; and these would fall at my feet, or at the feet of one of the porters at the entrance without harming any of us, and again without causing surprise.

Often, it would appear, I actually helped the new Domestic Help both in cooking and in washing up. We broke plates together, an association which more than any other in human life should create a bond. Yet I do not think that I talked to It much. My almost entire failure to converse with any kind of Domestic Help at any time has often been unfavourably criticized, and I can only defend myself by pointing out that many (though not all) of the best Domestic Helps rather resent conversation except on technical points, such as whether the post or the papers have been, or anybody has rung up and what, if anything, they said. Sometimes (after about five years) I have wondered rather uncomfortably whether it would not be correct to introduce a topic of more lively human interest. But by that time the Domestic Help is probably giving her notice, and a new one is having her ego psychoanalysed by correspondence or (even more horribly) by telephone. If I were a Domestic Help I have often thought that I should persuade the telephone exchange to overhear one of these conversations and bear witness in an action for slander. I can only suppose that the occasion is privileged.

But I am straying from It. Possibly my reasons for not attempting to converse with It more often was my knowledge that on the few occasions when I had asked It whether It liked this part of London, or did not think that the weather had been improving lately or growing worse, It had only answered by giving a series of short sharp barks. "Possibly my reasons," I said. In a dream one never can tell. I knew that It kept a bucket of water in

the kitchen, and a stirrup-pump, and It may possibly have been in my Fire Squad. Probably It was or It would not so often have brought the bucket of water and the stirrup-pump into my study when It was also bringing in the papers or the post, or coming in to say that It was going out.

But none of these things concerned me at all in my dream. My trouble was Mrs. Fenway. And Mrs. Fenway herself was peculiar. She was the precise embodiment of two elderly ladies whom I knew, but neither of whom was like Mrs. Fenway in the least. And she was coming to tea. At some unnamed date she was coming, but the thought of it hung over me like the sword of Damocles. She was coming but she might not come. There was a chance, though only a remote one, that she might be called on by Mr. Bevin to make Lancaster bombers. Whether Mrs. Fenway, who was frail but censorious and, I should judge, about sixty years old, was likely to make a really good Lancaster it was not my business to ask. Bevin alone knew. But if she was called up I should be saved. For I felt instinctively that if and when she came to tea she would not like my new Domestic Help.

I suppose I am more snobbish than most people, but the thought of Mrs. Fenway's polite disapproval, not openly expressed, perhaps, but certainly hinted, was the one thing that bothered me during my dream.

And Mrs. Fenway of course did come. She came one Sunday afternoon, and during all the time that I talked to her before the arrival of tea on a little trolley I was filled with a horror of foreboding.

I need scarcely say that this horror was realized. It made Its entry, bursting open the door with a loud crash, and wheeled the trolley right up to and right against Mrs. Fenway's feet. I do not think that It brought either the bucket or the stirrup-pump. There could scarcely have been room for these on the trolley, and if It had carried them It could not have opened the door, unless It had three hands, and I am nearly certain It didn't have three hands.

It might of course have held them in Its teeth, or put them down and then picked them up again before It came in—but stay, this is not a detective novel. I am trying to recall a dream.

Frankly I do not remember whether It brought in the bucket and stirrup-pump with the tea. What It did do was quite enough. The impact of the trolley against Mrs. Fenway's feet knocked the cups off their saucers (and why were there so many cups?), upset the milk over the bread and butter (if butter it was), and flung the teapot overboard.

At the same moment It barked.

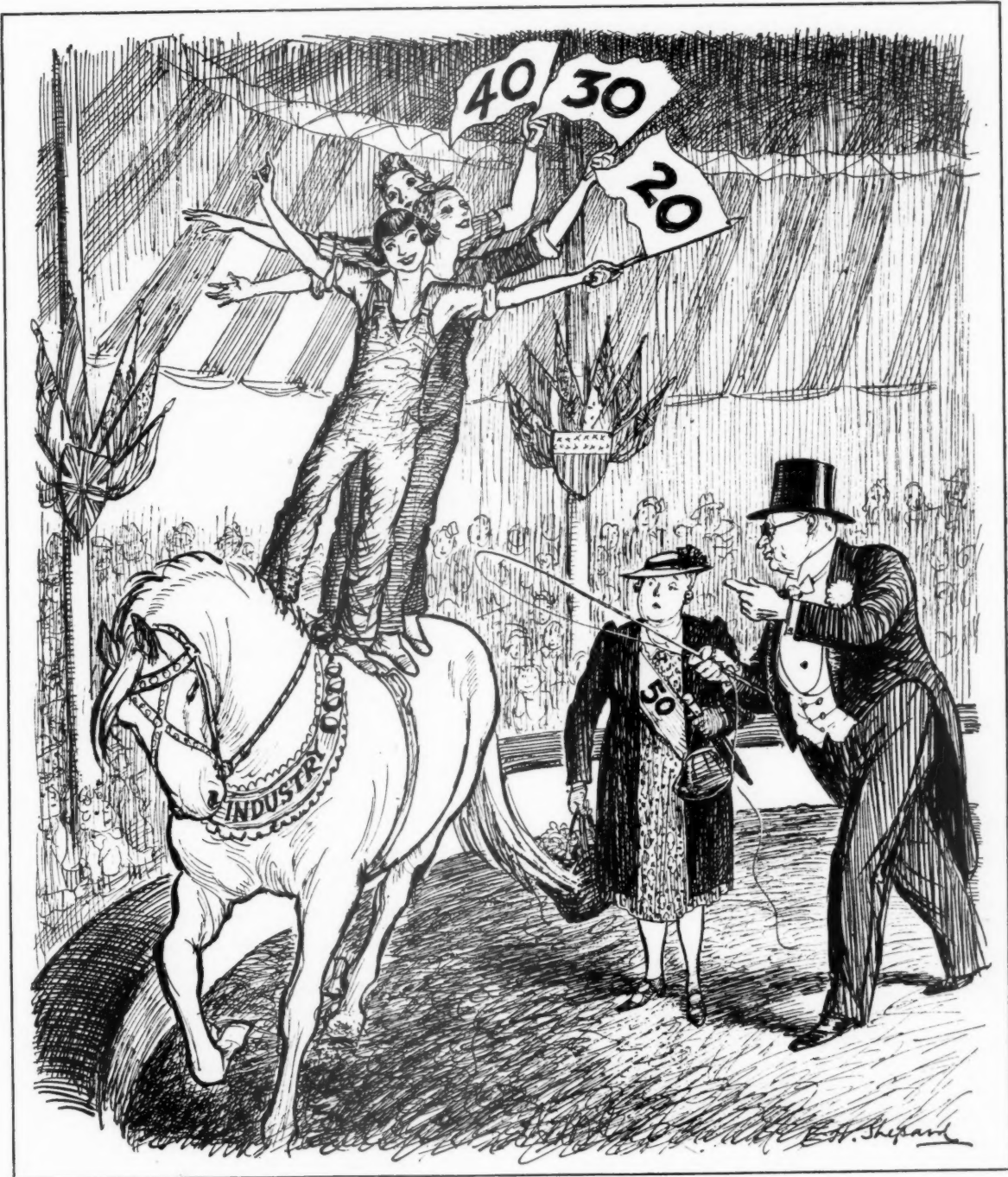
This, as you will at once realize, was the cataclysmic moment of my dream. I was suffused with burning blushes and Mrs. Fenway with tea. I awoke. And in that prolonged instant of awaking when the dream is so vivid as to be, even now, more actual than the real life to which one slowly tries to accustom oneself, gradually brushing the terror away with the help of logic and common-sense, I heard ringing in my ears her plaintive remark.

"I do wonder that you couldn't have got an Italian."

EVOE.

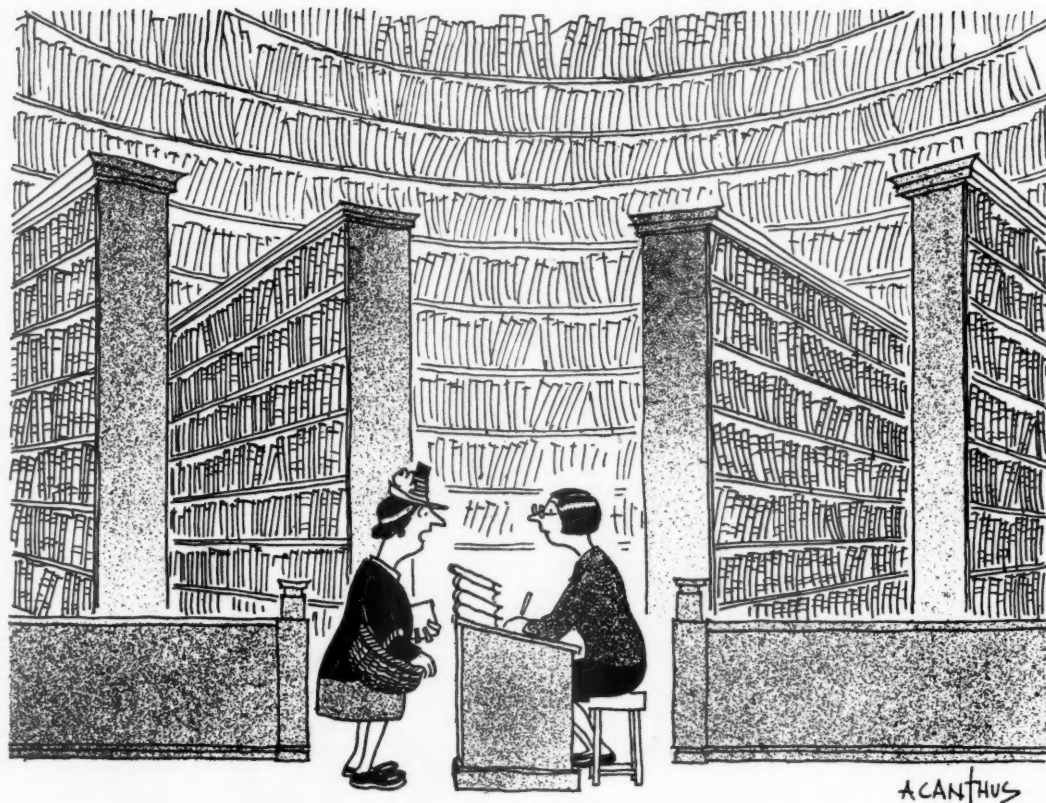
"CAIRO BLACKS-OUT"

CAIRO, Monday.—Cairo had a practice black-out in Cairo tonight."—*Daily Express*.
Guess where.



THE RING MASTER

"Allez oop!"



"I've forgotten the title, but I left my clothing coupons in it."

Ballade of an Authorized Extravagance

DUSK on the cliffs. The saffron light is fading.

The waves lap evilly, a greedy grey,
Disgorge rusty treasures from the lading
Of a lost ship (tinned salmon, I should say).
Beyond lies Brittany. What dire dismay
The punch-drunk Hun must feel on viewing me!
I load and aim in the best text-book way . . .
I do love firing tracer in the sea.

I press the trigger. In hot streams cascading
The bullets puncture the offended bay.
The waters hiss beneath this fusillading,
The air is full of ruby ricochets.
In Venice once, while still the earth was gay,
I watched the fireworks mirrored dizzily.

Few are the pleasures left to us to-day,
But one is firing tracer in the sea.

Ask not in mournful numbers "Is it aiding
The fall of Hitler, this divine display?"
"Disgusted Taxpayer" might need much persuading
That all is legal ere he shouts "Hurrah!"
But I am under orders. I obey.
Two hundred rounds, they said, per L.m.g.
(The batch, I think, was suspect.) Anyway,
I do love firing tracer in the sea.

Prince, our great ecstasies dissolve away,
But silly simple things yield endless glee.
With no apology I state this day:
I do love firing tracer in the sea.

Compass Experience

DUTIFULLY obeying the orders of that supreme master of aeronautics, the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet, I have, for exactly twelve minutes, been steadily guiding my aeroplane in a neat square around the boundaries of the aerodrome, keeping my compass on each of the four cardinal points in turn with a reasonable degree of accuracy.

Because of this remarkable achievement, accomplished with such surprising ease, temptation is, I find, stealthily creeping upon me. A map of the surrounding district, carried purely for precautionary reasons, reposes in the knee pocket of my Sidcot suit. Why, with its doubtful assistance, should I not attempt to go slightly further afield?

I am fully aware of the instructions covering this flight as given me by the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet, but I cannot conceive how he will know of my venture provided I return my aeroplane in one piece at the end of the specified time. He is not witnessing my manoeuvres from the ground as he has been wont to do on certain previous occasions. He is, I happen to know, waffling round the sky fifteen hundred feet beneath me valiantly endeavouring to teach one of the imbeciles of the Junior Course to place his aeroplane neatly on three points on the ground. I do not feel, therefore, that it is within the bounds of even his immense capabilities to pay any attention to me whilst he is engaged on this superhuman task.

Furtively, therefore, as if the very gentleman himself is regarding my movements over my shoulder, I withdraw the quarter-inch map from its hiding place and consult it with an air of affected indifference.

I must, in all fairness to myself, confess that its intricate markings convey less to me than I should like to admit, but I do not intend to be over ambitious in this startling adventure. All I require to do is to fly my aeroplane to a town but two miles off. Possibly I could see the town if I cared to look in the right direction, but it gives me a feeling of professional ability to consult my map and read off a bearing.

Ah, I see! As near as it is possible for me to judge, the course I ought to steer to reach my desired destination is 225 degrees.

It is faintly disturbing to realize that I shall have to leave my old and trusted friends North, South, East and

West; 225 degrees seems somehow fraught with serious complications.

For a moment my nerve appears to be on the point of cracking, and it is only the sudden realization that 225 degrees is, after all, none other than comparatively familiar "south-west" that results in my wavering morale returning to its normal level. Before I am dissuaded a second time, therefore, I turn my aeroplane on to the desired course. . . .

I am bound to admit that, at the moment, I am neither as happy nor as confident as I was but a short while ago. Was I altogether wise in venturing so far away? Can I not now fully appreciate the feelings of intrepid flyers braving the wastes of African deserts? Are not my feelings exactly those of pilots who first faced the terrors of the Timor Sea? What a fool I was to hazard such a risk.

But wait! Is not that the town below me? Have I not succeeded with truly incredible accuracy in reaching my objective?

It appears that I have, and I will therefore set out to do that which I must now confess was the real incentive for this daring journey—namely to fly over the house of a female acquaintance and let her know of my courageous presence by gently rocking my wings. . . .

How strangely alike do not the streets all look from this altitude of three thousand feet! How shall I succeed in finding one small house amongst so many of puzzling similarity?

My plan had better be, I think, to fly over that part of the town which I vaguely surmise accommodates her own enchanted dwelling and trust to divine providence and feminine curiosity that she will perchance notice my machine.

Gazing with bulging eyes at the ground beneath me I notice emerging slowly from under the trailing edge of my port wing a prominent building of intense and dazzling whiteness which, with swift and reckless calculation, I consider might quite well be either the town's leading cinema or the new fire station. Here, then, will do, as the house for which I have been vainly searching is only three quarters of a mile from either building—although, admittedly, in two entirely different directions.

The rocking of my wings, intended to convey the supreme mastery of the pilot over his powerful aeroplane, has now commenced. . . .

Although my movements on the controls struck me as being violent in the extreme, I was a little surprised to notice that the aeroplane seemed scarcely to move at all.

I think, however, it will suffice. I shall arrange to meet my friend this evening and inform her by word of mouth of my dangerous exploit should she by any unfortunate mischance have failed to notice an aeroplane above her dwelling performing so risky an evolution. For the moment, however, my whole attention must be devoted to the task of returning my aeroplane from whence it came.

In consideration of the fact that I was enabled to reach the town from the aerodrome by flying on a course of south-west, it is only natural to presume that to reach the aerodrome from the town I ought to fly on a course of north-east. I seem to recall that wind-speed and direction both play an important part in these complicated calculations, but even supposing I had any idea at all of the speed and direction of the wind I consider it unnecessary to confuse the issue by applying the knowledge. Instead I will just turn my aeroplane through 180 degrees and fly on what is technically known as the reciprocal course. . . .

Even though I cannot deny the feeling of intense relief I experience on seeing the aerodrome once more beneath me, it is even more gratifying to notice far below an unmistakable machine bouncing uncomfortably to rest on its three points. It is indeed reassuring to discover that the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet has obviously continued to remain suitably preoccupied during my temporary absence from the vicinity.

The Warbling Lion

"Gracie's biggest song success in America was brought her by Corporal Stanley Lot, of the R.A.F., of Clapham. He chased her all the way from Canada to Hollywood and told her of a song they were singing at the Stage Door Canteen, American troop show. She accepted it and sang it last night at the Dorchester. It is called 'The Wings of England':—

*'The wings of England are spreading across the sky,
The hopes of England are still flying high,
The wings of England are like the lion's roar
That sings of England for ever more.'*"

Daily Express.

On the Brutality of Bus Conductors

ALL, or almost all, my knowledge of life as it is lived in Britain at war is gained from the correspondence columns of the daily papers. It is from this source that I learn, for instance, of the abominable behaviour of bus-conductors, about which the mere act of travelling in buses had taught me nothing.

The proper functions of a bus-conductor are well known. He is in command of the bus. He ensures that it stops and starts at the right times and places, that behaviour on board is decent and orderly, and that there is no standing on the top deck. He is responsible for the collection of fares. He helps passengers on to and off the vehicle, greeting them with a cheerful smile and dismissing them with some good-humoured wisecrack in the Cockney manner. He shouts intermittent comments up the stairs on the progress of the bus for the benefit of travellers who cannot be expected to get off at the right stopping-place without constant encouragement and advice. He must be able to distinguish instantly in the dark between a florin and a half-crown, a halfpenny and a shilling, and deliver the right change to a man who thinks he wants to get off at a sort of turning where there's a grocer's shop or something. He is also required to be good with children, firm with dogs and gently persuasive with the intoxicated.

There is a tacit understanding that he may go on strike for short periods in peace-time if his digestive arrangements become seriously deranged, but only at the cost of losing the warm place he has always held hitherto in the affection of Londoners.

The duties and qualities required of busmen are so clearly defined that the emergence in them of a brutal streak must be regarded as an extremely grave symptom of the demoralizing effect of war.

The fact is (and I have this on the authority of Mrs. — writing in the —, and of Henry —, Esq., also in the —) that bus-conductors have now taken to hectoring and insulting their clients with such cries as "Come on, war-workers!" "Any more for the Isle of Man!" and similar monstrous innuendoes. "It is a little hard," as "Civil Servant" observes, "if those who obey the Government injunction to spend their holidays at home and venture to take a trip to Richmond Park are to be rewarded with jeers and contumely from men who, for all

one knows, spent their equally well-earned rest at Southend or even Clacton. One wonders if the pleasure of their own journey was ruined by the gibes and catcalls of porters and ticket-inspectors."

Well said, "Civil Servant"! Consciously or not, you have hit in your last bitter sentence on the real, the fundamental menace of the busmen's attitude. It may spread. It is bad enough when travelling to the West Coast on business of national importance—some conference, it may be, at Truro, or tiresome official inquiry at St. Ives—to stand on one foot (and that not your own) for five hours in the corridor, but if hired bullies of the railway companies are going to force their way up and down through the press uttering hoots of derision and making offensive gestures with their thumbs, the thing will become intolerable. It may even be that travelling will come to a stop altogether, and where will the ticket-inspectors be then? One does not clip the tickets of guns, tanks and other warlike stores.

A certain sense of strain is, as has been observed in many quarters, inevitable after four years of total war. A little testiness in the mornings, a tendency to be curt on the telephone, these may be forgiven. But open

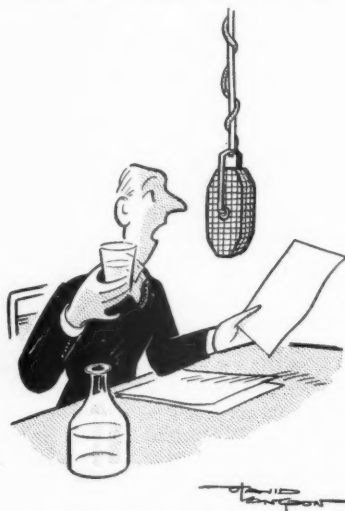
rudeness from public servants, never. In Germany a "politeness" campaign has been running for a year or more now, but there they have been on a war-footing for eight or ten years. We have got to be nice to each other without prompting, for another four years or so yet, if we are not to confess ourselves temperamentally inferior to those barbarians.

Bus-conductors, whether or no you are guilty of the charges brought against you, I call upon you to rebut them in the only possible way—by a display of good-humoured polish and tact exceeding anything that even you have shown in the past. Gear-up (to use a modern idiom) your patience and suavity. Be so good as to remember, should I chance to climb upon your machine wearing flannels and carrying a bag of clubs, that this is probably the first spell I have had away from my lathe in fifteen months. Content yourself with punching my ticket, old chap, and leave my head alone.

The above appeal may also be taken to be addressed, *mutatis mutandis*, to porters, taxi-drivers, liftmen, ferry-men, and all others who are charged with responsibility for the conveyance of citizens by sea and by land either horizontally, vertically or in a sloping direction (as at the extremity of the Kingsway tunnel). H. F. E.

The Tournament

THERE is nothing that a school-master would rather find in his post than a letter from a former student—unless it is a parcel from a former student. Last term Major L. P. Anstruther sent us a parcel containing four pounds of best Egyptian tobacco. The accompanying note read: "To the Masters of St. Morbid's who provided me with the happiest years of my life." On occasions such as this the tedium and nerve-wracking responsibility of the profession seem worthwhile. Hero-worship based on respect and gratitude is a beautiful thing. When the parcel was opened there were cries of "Good old Anstruther!" "Always knew the boy would make good," and "Makes you feel rather ancient, eh?" and we took out our pouches. Biggot was about to divide the tobacco into fourteen portions when Pringle-Watt intervened. He asked us to preserve "a modicum of



"First I shall read briefly the main items of news; then I shall read each item separately—amplified, of course; then I shall read a résumé of the news in headlines; and finally I shall get someone to talk at some length on one particular item. Okay?"

Tongues



"Is that you, Mabel? I thought you'd like to know that George has been moved again—"

Yes, he's now been sent to the place where Fred and Pamela went on that cruise and met Tom's father-in-law: do you know where I mean?

Well, it's the place where Alec Wrigley landed on his way out to you know where, and took all those photographs—

You know, it's the place that that friend of the Tidworths told us that story about the other evening—

decorum," and to stop behaving like "pool-room habitués." Major Anstruther was a sportsman and would prefer his gift to be awarded intact to the winner of some competition—say a chess tournament. Such opposition to this scheme as found both voice and a hearing was immediately nullified by P.-W.'s threat to hand over the entire consignment of tobacco to the Head.

The draw for the tournament took place. There were only seven entries:

- | | | |
|------------------------|---|------------|
| (1) Pringle-Watt (bye) | } | (1) v. (2) |
| (2) Biggott v. Lemon | | |
| (3) Charteris v. Hobbs | } | (3) v. (4) |
| (4) The Head v. Homer | | |

The first match to be played was the final. It happened like this. One afternoon Charteris and Pringle-Watt were alone in the staff-room. Pringle-Watt broached the subject of the tournament, commenting bitterly upon the apathy of the contestants (a week had passed and not one game had been played). He then suggested that as he (P.-W.) was certain to beat the winner of Biggott v. Lemon and since Charteris was far too good for Hobbs and the winner of the Head v. Homer they might as well play the final right away. Now these forecasts were quite reasonable, for P.-W. and Charteris are uncontestedly the best players in the school. Charteris (feeling rather guilty as he afterwards confessed) became an accomplice in the intrigue and the game was played. After a wordy struggle P.-W. triumphed.

Both men were confident that their duplicity would remain unmasked. After convincing Homer that his match with the Head was a foregone conclusion, Charteris met him in a secretive semi-final and won according to plan. Meanwhile Pringle-Watt had beaten both Biggott and Lemon after assuring each that he would triumph over the other. Two days before the end of term there was only match outstanding—the Head's game with Homer. A victory for Homer was a "dead cert." The Head's chess was built round a feudal belief in the divine right of kings. Pringle-Watt's tobacco was almost alight.

We were all present on the last afternoon when the Head entered the staff-room with a gentleman of foreign appearance.

"Gentlemen," said the chief, "as you know I am extremely busy at the moment, I am sorry that I cannot fulfil my engagement with you. However, I shall not let you down. I know you will be pleased to allow my Czecho-Slovakian friend to deputize for me." He then introduced us to Mr. Hedzagoboj, who sat down to his match with Homer. The table was quickly surrounded by anxious spectators. Mr. Hedzagoboj opened uneasily with a most heterodox gambit, but after the seventh move he swooped suddenly with a bishop and emitted a staccato and very final "Mate!" Charteris took Homer's place at the board. This time Mr. Hedzagoboj seemed sadly at fault. By the sixth move Charteris had captured a bishop and a queen. Pringle-Watt looked more comfortable. Then, almost before Charteris had counted his booty, we heard again the unequivocal cry which marked a complete victory for Czecho-Slovakia.

We turned to look at Pringle-Watt. The master was very white. He took his place at the board and ruminated for many minutes before the first move. He was going to make a fight of it. His delaying tactics did not seem to embarrass Mr. Hedzagoboj who took up *The Times* and read with interest until he was informed of his opponent's progress. Then he would peer momentarily round the edge of the paper, dispatch a chessman to its appointed square and resume his literary studies. Pringle-Watt was ruffled. One by one his positions were overcome and his forces annihilated. Indeed Mr. Hedzagoboj seemed less interested in administering the *coup de grâce* than in relieving his opponent of his last pawn. It was more like strip poker than chess. Then, when Pringle-Watt's king lay utterly defenceless, it was chased mercilessly round and round the board. This went on until Pringle-Watt, chancing to look up, noticed our wide grins. He resigned.

The Head was delighted to get the tobacco. He sent it to his son Charles, stationed in Egypt.



and it's the place that appears in the picture of his ship that Uncle James has over the mantelpiece in his den—



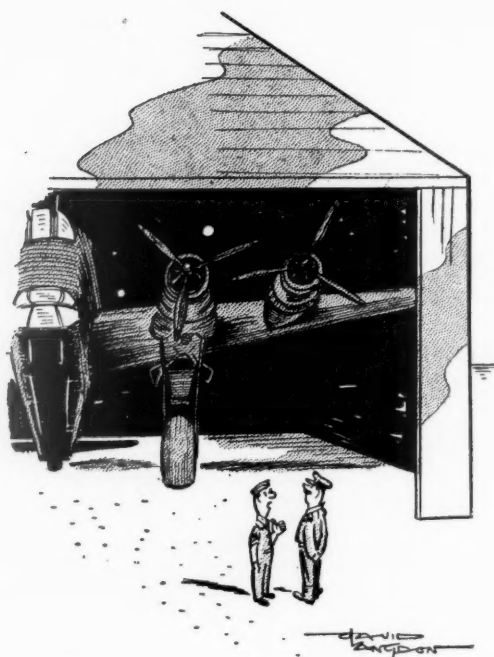
Hang it all, Mabel, it's the place Peter Ferriby wrote all those letters to Janet from!!



Why, it's the place where Eileen Tompkinson once stayed with the governor and missed the boat!!!



Merciful heavens, Mabel, it's the place where Uncle Herbert got Malta fever!!!!



"Just once over with the grease-gun, Sir, and she's all ready to drive away after tea."

The Phoney Phleet

XXVII—H.M.S. Cellophane

FROM the time that Steven Gantry was an infant, two years old, He suffered from his parents' care against his catching cold.

This ranged from nasal douches, via soups to flannelette, With, underlying everything, one *motif*: DON'T GET WET.

Goloshes and sou'-westers formed his usual attire, Combined of course with waterproofs; and, boy, did he perspire!

In consequence, while habit made him terrified of rain A yearning for the water filled his sub-subconscious brain.

This basic bifurcation dogged his adolescent path: The Spirit winged the ocean, but the Body banned the bath.

Nor could he bring these two divergent complexes in line Until he joined the Navy in September '39.

This solved the matter perfectly. The seven seas rolled by And, while they slaked his psyche, left his epidermis dry. He loved his ship, the *Cellophane*; it seemed a model war; But then they were torpedoed. (This had not occurred before.)

They felt the usual feelings and they manned the usual pump;

It was, as usual, hopeless and the skipper told them "Jump!"

An almost simultaneous splash disturbed the local wave. But Steven didn't play. The sea was wet. He wasn't brave.

The officers and ratings made him speeches from a boat, Remarking on the dangers of a ship that doesn't float; He realized the logic of their disquisitions, yet He found himself allergic when it came to getting wet.

At length his erstwhile shipmates turned it in and pulled away
Discussing, well, Survivors' Leave, and naval rates of pay. Friend Gantry stayed behind and watched his refuge slowly shrink
And thought about the evils of immersion in the drink.

The day wore on. The night wore through. In sequence came the dawn,
And *Cellophane*, he noticed, was still semi-waterborne. He brushed his teeth and breakfasted and rigged a jury mast,
And bowled along to England, though the bowling wasn't fast.

Meanwhile My Lords had written off the *Cellophane* as lost, They shed a tear for Gantry, they wept buckets for the cost; Accordingly when Steven plus the ship returned to port Their gratitude was genuine, their joy the purer sort.

They made him a Commander, gave him medals, even leave; The First Lord in a speech of welcome spoke of him as "Steve";

And Gantry in an unrehearsed but seamanlike reply Said "Sir, I did my duty. That was all, sir. *I kept dry!*"

The Flowers of Life

WHILE ago I read a book about Russia, and it said that the Russians were in the habit of calling their children the Flowers of Life. There seems nothing in this to deride; it is both pleasant and sweet, and in fact we started at once to try to call *our* children the Flowers of Life too—though at the same time sternly pointing out that they had a long way to go before they earned the title. But this same book not only said that the children were called the Flowers of Life by blissful parents, but that the children spent the day dancing old traditional Caucasian dances merrily together, with never a note of discord, till night fell. There is a limit. No one likes or admires the Russians more than I do, but I think they themselves would be the first to admit that the otherwise normal child who would spend his (or her) day dancing an old Caucasian dance without a note of discord, live he (or she) under never so Utopian a regime, does not, in the cold daylight of reality, exist. You have only to think of eight grown-up reasonably self-controlled persons dancing an old traditional eightsome reel to see what I mean.

That is what is so baffling about children. No one can view them—either their own or anyone else's—with a balanced dispassionate calm. Either they see them walking in the rosy mists of delicious innocence, or else they are driven by them out on to a sea of nameless irritation, lost in the uncharted depths of which they say or do things of which they did not believe themselves capable.



"Orchestra, Beginners and Fireguards, please!"

I was led to these perhaps unusually profound conclusions by hearing my mother describe me, as a little girl, to a sympathetic audience called Mrs. Edwin Freshwater.

Now, when I am considering or describing my own children, and thinking rather deeply about their being so unusually disagreeable, dishonest, disobedient and disloyal, the only consolation is that, while I do clearly remember doing or saying exactly the same thing, at the same age, myself, yet—so I point out to myself—here I am now. I may, it is true, not be all that anyone could desire, but I get by; and that is more than I sometimes think my own children, if they go on at the present rate, will succeed in doing.

But my mother did not feel like that. Or else the years do something. Something very queer, really. Because she was telling Mrs. Freshwater that, though her grandchildren were very, very, very sweet, it was idle to pretend they were like their mother. Whatever Amanda had or had not done, she had been *frank*. Sort of transparent.

(Could I have been less transparent about the figs? I said I'd eaten half a one off the ground. This was the now well-known propagandist line to cover the fact that I'd eaten six off the tree. Nobody saw through *that*, however pellucid—except the gardener, who actually saw it happening, and he afterwards told my mother. Yet, despite his baseness, here she was, twenty years later, telling Mrs. Freshwater about my candid brow and being wide between the eyes.)

"But Amanda's children," my mother openly confessed, "are *not* very honest. Charlotte told me to-day that her bantam had laid five eggs."

"And had it?" asked Mrs. Freshwater, who took a lively interest in war-time poultry.

"She hasn't got a bantam," said my mother, anxious and depressed.

Mrs. Freshwater, reliable as ever, quickly said something about a fertile imagination, and my mother tentatively

agreed; but said that a fertile imagination could not account for Charlotte's oath that she cleaned her teeth every day, when the toothbrush, from evidence of the cobwebs alone, must have been under the bath for six weeks; and Mrs. Freshwater could not but agree too.

"And then Alexander," said my mother—"so, so unwelcoming. Amanda would always come forward with a smiling unconscious manner. *'Always'*," said my mother, with a firmness which was somehow suspect in itself. "From the moment she could utter. And before."

"I remember," said Mrs. Freshwater. She was a splendid person with whom to have this kind of conversation. "When she was crawling, even."

(Was it possible? Could they both equally have forgotten those silent hand-to-hand trials of physical strength about saying how-do-you-do to Mrs. Freshwater herself? Could my mother have forgotten that I said to her dearest uncle of the ancient regime: "You're nothing but an old slab of crawling cheese"? Surely that was the kind of thing that didn't easily slip the memory? Then how? A kind of backward wishful thinking?)

"Amanda," went on my mother, enjoying herself, "was not placid or dull, but she was never disagreeable. I don't once remember her losing control . . ."

I thought at any moment she would tell Mrs. Freshwater that I was to be found dancing an old traditional polka the livelong day with never a note of discord; and I felt that some deep, some unsuspected but irresistible instinct of honesty (or transparency) would compel me to speak up. So—not without regret—I stole softly away.

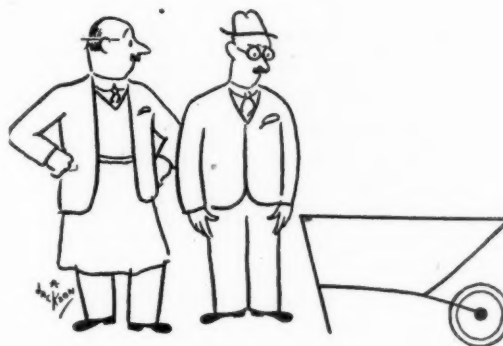
But a pleasant thought had entered my head. Would a day come—even though I had to wait twenty or thirty years for it—when I would really believe that Alexander had *not* broken Mrs. Freshwater's lovely expensive new Wagner record over the head of that dear little girl without the slightest provocation, and told a lie about it, and put the blame on other shoulders, and cast a blight over the whole party? Or not on purpose, anyhow? Or not unprovoked? Or not such a nice little girl? Or would the whole incident vanish into oblivion?

It could happen. Evidently it *did* happen.

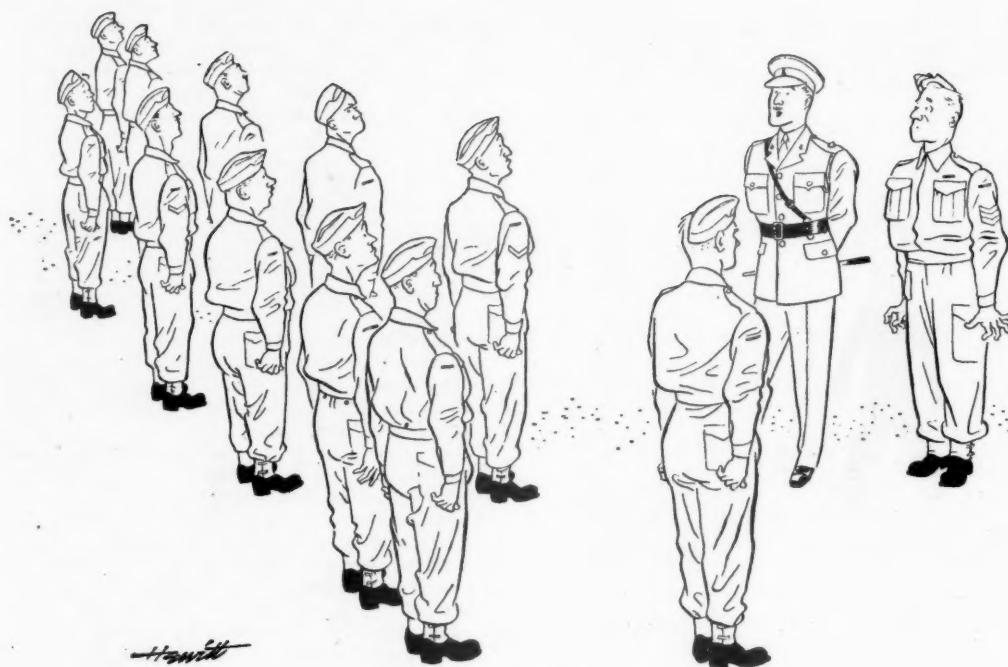
It was something to look forward to, anyway, while compelling the Flowers of Life to take a bath.

Non-Sequitur Corner

"July 10 will be a red letter day for Scottish pig fanciers, for the pigeon Derby will be flown on that day."—*Aberdeen Paper*.



Utility model



"Now I only asked for TWO volunteers to step forward—so would four of you gentlemen please volunteer to step back?"

Suspension of the Flitch

SAD is the news for those that dwell
 In amity, though wed;
 It only shows that none can tell
 What snags may lie ahead;
 For all fond couples, poor or rich,
 Humble alike with toff,
 Come tidings that the Dunmow Flitch
 Is, for the first time, off.

Not now the serried pairs will meet
 At Dunmow's famed assize
 And in stern rivalry compete
 To win that porcine prize,
 Not now will they defy all odds
 And, cross-examined, vow
 That none, by its domestic gods,
 Has ever had a row.

It may be that ambitious goal
 Has kept their converse meek,
 Has fortified their self-control,
 In moments, p'r'aps, of pique.

The verbal triumph just kept back,
 The pin-prick's stinging flout—
 One only hopes they've learnt the knack
 Of getting on without.

And doubtless, pondering on the Flitch,
 They'll dream, these rationed pairs,
 Of all that wealth of bacon which
 Might have been justly theirs,
 But let them ease the pill with gold
 Reflecting, when all's done,
 That they'd have been more badly sold
 If someone else had won.

And, couples, time will soon go by,
 The Flitch will reappear,
 So at all hazards don't let fly
 And lose your chance next year.
 One sudden ire, one word gone wrong,
 Will deal a shattering blow;
 Then, having stuck it out so long,
 Give it another go.

DUM-DUM.



THE COMPLEAT ANGLERS

(Mr. Punch's vision of an ideal holiday)

The Champion

"COME in, dear, by all means. I'm simply writing a letter—or rather I shall be directly I can find a block of writing-paper, but of course writing-paper nowadays might as well be oranges or rubber hot-water bottles. Simply non-existent.

"Not on the sofa, dear, if you don't mind. Those are just notes, and one's had to make them on the back of pre-war flower-seed catalogues as it is."

"There seem to be a great many of them, Miss Littlemug."

"Naturally, dear. A copy is going to every paper in the country, the weeklies included. One's got to allow, unfortunately, for the possibility that they won't all put it in. I wonder if I could by any chance have put that block of writing-paper in the cucumber-frame? It's practically the only place I haven't searched."

"If it isn't private I should so much like to know what your letter to the papers is about."

"Dear, could you please not be absurd? How can a letter to the papers possibly be private? The whole point is that it should be as public as possible. Some of his friends—if he has any—are bound to draw his attention to it. That's my whole idea in writing it. If the women of fifty in this country haven't got the courage to protest for themselves, then I must protest for them."

"Oh, is it about the call-up of women between the ages of forty-five and fifty?"

"It will be, dear, if you'll be so kind as to move the patchwork cushion that my dear Aunt Sarah made long after her eyesight had completely gone. I remember now that it was exactly behind that that I left the writing-block, thinking what a thoroughly safe place it was. Thank you. I can let you have a dear little red cushion instead, that fits very comfortably into the back of the neck. And now, dear, I won't ask you if you agree with me, because I feel perfectly certain that you do, and in any case I couldn't allow it to make any difference if you didn't. But you remember that woman, who calls herself Doctor Something and said that elder women were often so much the better for being away from home?"

"She only calls herself Doctor because she is a doctor."

"That is exactly what I said, dear. Dr. Something. No one would call themselves a doctor who wasn't a doctor, because it would be definitely illegal. I have a slightly unusual knowledge of the law, as a cousin of mine on the Littlemug side was a very well-known judge in India many years ago. And I haven't hesitated for one moment to bring in this question of elder women being the better for being away from their homes."

"But, Miss Littlemug, they wouldn't count as mobile."

"Dear, which of us does count as mobile? Most people haven't got cars at all, and if they have they haven't got any petrol; practically every bicycle in the country is pre-war and nobody can afford a new one; the buses have been cut down and in any case they're always completely filled up; and the B.B.C. ask us quite three times a week not to travel by train, and says we shall have to go without food or seats or beds, and may not even arrive at all. So I must beg of you not to talk about women being mobile."

"Very well, Miss Littlemug. But I should like to know about your letter to the papers."

"It's quite simple, dear. Simplicity is always best, as the poet has it. I entirely agree that most elderly women get better and better the further and further they are from home. And even a few hours make a difference. But

there's one thing which they haven't taken into consideration, any of them."

"I'm sure there is. Several things, in fact. Which one were you thinking of?"

"Only this, dear. However much a woman goes away from home and gives herself a new interest in life by scrubbing out wards, or twiddling little screws in factories, or dishing up boiled potatoes in British Restaurants, the time will arrive sooner or later—usually later—when she's got to go home again. And what happens then?"

"What, Miss Littlemug?"

"The cooking, the cleaning, the washing-up, the sewing, the shopping, the mending, the laundry, the ironing, possibly the children or possibly the grandmother, and the positive necessity of fitting in half an hour's sleep."

"Miss Littlemug, the sooner you write your letter to the papers the better."

"I know, dear. And now the only question is what I did with that fountain-pen."

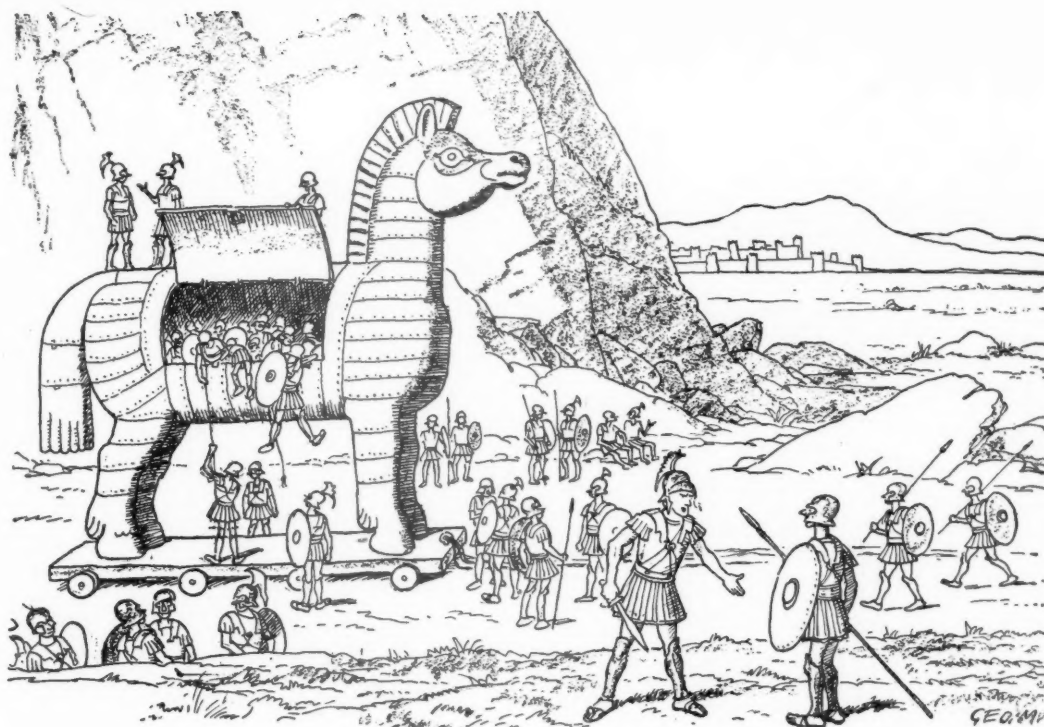
E. M. D.

H. J. Talking

WHEN B. Smith was a young man-about-town he frequently got himself thrown out of places of entertainment: he found it gave him just as much exercise as rugby and was far easier to understand, as the scoring in games always confused him. Being of a serious turn of mind he did not care for music halls, and much preferred to be thrown out of small experimental theatres. Unfortunately, few of these had trained chuckers-out, and members of the audience were apt to reason with him in a pained way, thus letting his muscles grow flabby. Eventually, however, he found an organization which was run by a family of Cornish wrestlers who had come into a legacy just after being converted to the drama by a performance of *Peter Pan* at their village institute.

They had rushed up to London, fitted up a stage in a hall and begun working through the plays purchasable from the local bookshop, which specialized in problem-plays translated from Danubian languages. When B. Smith knew this enterprise its chucking-out was considerably better than its acting, which suffered from the wrestlers' enthusiasm for using all resources of the stage. Lights dimmed and blazed, scenery was changed frequently, make-up was completely altered between each scene, and in the second act all the characters flew in and out on wires, this being particularly misleading when, as frequently happened, the scene was a prison cell. One of their troubles was that the characters tended to be poor, and this did not give them as much of a chance as they had wished of dressing-up in fine clothes, so it was their custom to wear these for the curtains, and this delayed proceedings considerably.

Amiably disposed towards Nature is what I am, and in my garden I have installed a bird bath, this being a spare waste-paper basket lined with glass. It has proved a very popular attraction but from time to time has led to unseemly brawls—as yesterday, when a great crested grebe, a cormorant and a grouse were all trying to use it at the same time. My wife intermittently shares my ornithological interests and, as her contribution, will from time to time fling in a handful of bath-salts; these, however, have a deterrent effect upon creatures which are accustomed to drink their bath-water. Another amenity I have provided for my visitors from the animal kingdom is



"This is a nice time to tell me you suffer from claustrophobia!"

an Old Man with a Past. It is well known that in many places in towns where wild life occurs such as to be found feeding it, and Jenkins Bey is under contract with me frequently so to do. He wears the traditional frock-coat, but a specially designed straw hat, this being larger and stronger than the usual so that should even the heaviest bird wish to perch on it there would be no difficulty.

Jenkins Bey sometimes hints that he is a Bourbon, sometimes that he is a Hapsburg and sometimes that he is the captain of the *Marie Céleste*. When at home he wears cossack uniform and plays the 'cello. The only definite fact I ever established about him is that for many years he was a raker at the Bank of England. His duty was to stand in the vaults and as the bullion came down a chute he separated it into two piles, gold to the right and silver to the left. When not required by me he is a begging-letter-writer, and sometimes tries out his new lines on my wife, she apparently providing a test which anyone so occupied would be proud to pass. Here are some examples of his craft:

KIND FRIEND,—Each March my dear doggie Boomerang is taken with a Rare Oriental Disease, which makes him most uncompanionable and can be alleviated only by sending him for a week to Buxton. This recurrent expense

wears me down. I have tried mortgages and I have tried gambling on foreign exchange, but I still get worn down. I now turn to you in my hour of need and confidently invite your generous assistance,

Yours very, very sincerely,

Detective-Inspector T. BROWN-BROWNE.

P.S.—I enclose a Banker's Order.

DEAREST MADAM,—I am a widow with fourteen children, none of working age owing to twins. My little daughter Pulchritude is getting herself adopted by a rich wine-bibber with the intention of reforming him. His vintner threatens to stop the proceedings but does not explain how. In this crisis we wish to fortify ourselves with the assistance of a solicitor and confidently appeal to you for financial help towards his fees.

Yours in grateful anticipation,

MARTHA PLAICE, Jun.

PAL,—I am a herbalist and my garden was neatly planted when a neighbour's grandson, who had bought some cheap packets of seed, scattered them broadcast over my beds. This caused confusion and my patients are beginning not to do too well. Pal, I want a gardener to get things to rights but I can't afford one unless you help me. You won't let me down, will you?

Yours from the heart,

DOC. DICK DUCK.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



Sillence

"That new man o' mine's as strong as a tractor."

Cairo Leave

IT suddenly occurred to Lieutenant Sympson that it was a long time since he had had any leave.

"Nearly a year," he said, "and then it was not much good. Seven days' embarkation leave spent mostly in getting inoculated and assembling laundry and boots. I think I'll apply to Major Fibbing for fourteen days' leave in Cairo."

Major Fibbing did not hesitate.

"Certainly, Sympson," he said at once. "I blench to think how we shall manage to carry on the Company in your absence, but your health is of paramount importance, and you have been looking a bit weary and under the weather lately."

So Sympson went to Cairo with his baggage, and at the Accommodation

bureau at the station he approached a very charming A.T.S. girl on the subject of a nice room.

"I don't want much," he said breezily. "I'm used to roughing it. Just a small single room with a bathroom attached. Nothing fancy."

"You can't have a room to yourself," said the A.T.S. girl. "All the hotels in Cairo have put two or even three beds in their single rooms, so you'll have to share with another officer."

"That won't do at all," said Sympson firmly. "I need seclusion. I need to get away from other people, especially fellow-officers. I assure you, my dear girl, that you have no idea how extremely tired one gets of other officers. Are you *quite* sure you can't find me a single room that I can have

to myself? Expense, within reason, is no object."

The A.T.S. girl said that she thought it was quite impossible, but he might try the Pension Polygon in Sharia Pompey Pasha, and the Hotel International in the Sharia Mlefu, and about ten other addresses which she wrote down for him on a piece of paper. So Sympson called a taxi, and after spending two hours rushing round from address to address, at a cost of one pound fifty piastres for the taxi, he managed to secure a single room at quite a pleasant hotel not far from the river. The hotel had not been on the list given him at the station, but had been recommended by one of the other hotels.

He unpacked all his luggage, and

hung things up in the wardrobe, and threw a lot of stuff in one corner for the laundry, and a lot of stuff in another corner for the dry cleaners, and put his shaving tackle and his toothbrush and his nail-file and a little machine for sharpening razor-blades on the glass shelf over the wash-basin, and then, exhausted by the effort, went out to have a drink.

He poked his head into a lot of bars without liking the look of them enough to go inside, and he had wandered quite a long distance before he discovered that he had forgotten the way back to his hotel, and also the name of it. So he got his list out of his pocket again and called another taxi and went round to all the hotels on the list to try to find out which of them had recommended him to the hotel he had fixed up with in the end, and where it was.

This took a long time and a lot of piastres and yielded no result whatever. Darkness came and Sympson came to the conclusion that the clerk who had recommended the hotel to him must have gone off duty. So, determined to resume his quest in the morning, he picked an hotel at random and asked if they could let him have a room for the night.

"Not a room to yourself," they said. "You will have to share. But it's with a very nice officer indeed. A man of great charm. In the Pioneer Corps."

And when he was shown up to the room the first things he saw were the two piles of clothes he had thrown into the corners, and his patent blade-sharpener and other accessories on the little glass shelf.

He says that if they try to put a third man in the room he will protest. Two are quite enough.

Music in London

AMID the tremendous happenings of this year of 1943 such events as the quatercentenary of the birth of England's Palestrina, WILLIAM BYRD, are bound to pass almost unnoticed. But in listening to the wonderful motets performed in his memory at the annual festival of church music at St. George's Chapel, Windsor—a worthy setting for such glorious sound-edifices—and to his superb Mass for Five Voices sung by the Fleet Street Choir at one of Mr. GERALD COOPER's concerts, one cannot help feeling again that in England we have for far too long been silent about our past and present achievements.

Henry Peacham, writing of Byrd during that composer's lifetime, said "I am sure none excell, even by the judgement of France and Italy, who are very sparing in their commendation of strangers, in regard of that concept they hold of themselves." If he was a jingo he has at least one spiritual descendant.

We have heard with varying degrees of enjoyment and interest most of the new music, English and foreign, which has recently been given in London and, like Peacham, our "concept" is such that we are sure that the new Symphony in D by VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, played at the "Proms" early in the season, "cannot be mended by the first Italian (or Russian, German, Spaniard, Frenchman, American or even Finn) of them all." The symphony is great music, in the composer's now familiar style, and is full of the contemplative dignity which seems to mark him as of the lineage of Byrd. Unlike most present-day creations, this symphony needs no ingenuities nor quaint devices for its adornment—no "programme" to prop up the interest, no queer noises to distract the listener from weak spots. In listening to it one feels that a living thing is unfolding itself (we will not apply to it that too-popular adjective "organic" as if it were some monstrous vegetable) that exists inevitably and in its own right. Let us blow a long blast on our music's trumpet "in regard to that concept we hold" of VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Of our younger generation BENJAMIN BRITTEN has given us recently a brilliant and original String Quartet (heard at the National Gallery) and very fine settings for tenor voice and piano of six "Sonnets of Michelangelo." These seem more beautiful at each hearing (they were recently broadcast by the composer and PETER PEARS, who sings them to perfection). BRITTEN's works are a series of *tours de force*, but his great facility no longer runs away with him as it once did. His "Scottish Ballad" for two pianos and orchestra, heard at the "Proms," is a brilliant and exhilarating affair; but the same cannot be said of another new work for piano and orchestra heard this week—the "Sinfonia Concertante" of EDMUND RUBBRA, which is as dull as it is clever. Its opening Fantasia makes ingenious play with what is technically known as the chord of the Added Sixth; this is followed by a Saltarella which is both clever and lively, only to be damped again by the last section—a Prelude and a collywobbly-chromatic Fugue in which the ear loses its way.

A great deal of interest was naturally

centred on the concerts of Russian and American music given during the Promenade season. KHACHATURIAN's "Ode to Stalin" was the main item of the Russian evening. It is written for chorus and orchestra in praise of the great leader, but it proved to be fustian in spite of its vociferously laudable intentions and the first-rate craftsmanship of the composer. In the same genre was a work from the United States—AARON COPLAND's "A Lincoln Portrait," heard at the American "Prom." Its orchestral introduction was intended to suggest the fatalism and gentleness of Abraham Lincoln (in parallel fourths) and was followed by selections from his speeches and a catalogue of facts concerning his life declaimed, with orchestral background, by Lieut. BURGESS MEREDITH, culminating (can you guess?) in the famous tag from Gettysburg. England has not yet entered the field of Praise to Famous Men, but surely Winston Churchill should be hymned, perhaps by a Volga Boatload of basses chanting "Blood!—Tears!—Toil!—Sweat!—Blood!—Tears!—Toil!—Sweat!" Or Alan Bush might write an "Ode to the Labour Leaders" to a text by Harold Laski.

Sir Henry Wood's illness has naturally cast a shadow over this, his forty-ninth, Promenade season. His associate conductors, however, Mr. BASIL CAMERON and Sir ADRIAN BOULT, have carried on, one conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra for one half of the season, the other the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra for the other half. Dame MYRA HESS's National Gallery lunch-hour concerts have now passed the thousand mark, as have Dr. HAROLD DARKE's Monday organ recitals at St. Michael's, Cornhill. Mr. Punch's congratulations to both.

D. C. B.

Amphibious Operations

"British submarines have destroyed three more Axis ships in the Mediterranean and damaged many locomotives in northern Europe."—*Toronto Paper*.

Look Out!

"Good pictures hang from its walls, candelabra lent by well-known people descend from the ceilings. . ."

Daily Paper.

"It was only then that Lieutenant Hewitt and his comrades knew that the enemy paratroops had flown."

Daily Herald.

What—both ways?

At the Play

"MR BOLFRY" (WESTMINSTER)

"WAR AND PEACE" (PHOENIX)

"TEA is included!" says the Rev. McCrimmon (Mr. ALASTAIR SIM, with his most baleful glare at this moment) expounding the Fourth Commandment to a visiting niece and two soldiers from London who are quartered in his West Highland manse. The trio had

seen no harm in making a cup of tea to allay the tedium of a wet Sunday afternoon. But the Rev. McCrimmon regards such indulgence as carnal, as a desecration of the Sabbath, and his aforesaid glare turns their tea from hot to tepid even as they sip it. He stalks out like an outraged archangel, and the three put their heads together to decide what is to be done with such exaggerated Calvinism. They could of course defy the sanctimonious tyranny; they could raise hell. The very phrase gives them an idea. Why not try raising the Devil, in accordance with a prescription one of them has come across in an ancient tome on the minister's austere bookshelves? So, with the not very willing assistance of the Gaelic-speaking kitchen-maid, they foregather clandestinely at midnight, draw figures and circles, utter abracadabras, and raise a gentleman called Mr. Bolfry, to a peal of thunder and loud yells from the ladies. These noises almost simultaneously raise the Rev.

McCrimmon, looking like a McMalvolio in his long nightshirt, and the Rev.'s good-wife (a Barrie body, delightfully played by Miss SOPHIE STEWART).

The play gives us Mr. JAMES BRIDIE at his best and most consistent. Having raised the Devil in a Barrie-like first half, he proceeds to quell the Devil in a Shaw-like second. It cannot be doubted that Mr. Bolfry (Mr. RAYMOND LOVELL), even though he is habited as a Scottish minister and carries an eminently Presbyterian umbrella, is the arch-fiend himself. And it cannot be pretended that he does not take a deal of quelling. Someone remarks of the Rev.

McCrimmon in the first half—we think it was the Cockney soldier, Cohen (played with exquisitely restrained clowning by Mr. HARRY ROSS)—that "he could talk the hind-leg off the Devil himself." Well, the second half shows him actually attempting this feat, and having his own hind-legs very nearly knocked from under him—to his own hugely comic dismay and to the delight of both the conspirators on the stage and us in the audience—by the visitor's



LOW JINKS IN THE HIGHLANDS

Mr. McCrimmon	Mr. ALASTAIR SIM
Jean	MISS SHEILA BROWNRIE
Cully	MR. ELLIS IRVING
Mrs. McCrimmon	MISS SOPHIE STEWART
Cohen	MR. HARRY ROSS
Mr. Bolfry	MR. RAYMOND LOVELL

diabolical, positively Shavian, and all but unassailable logic. Their argument is ding-dong and delightful, freshly Bridian, peppered with wit. It is perhaps the play's most engaging subtlety that that argument should be largely lost upon the young folk who brought it about. (Cohen even calls the Devil a crashing bore—a clump on the head which does far more to disconcert him than all the minister's frantic fencing.) The two talkers, at least, share a common belief in the Eternal Verities they are discussing. The young find themselves in the outer darkness of disbelieving both Truth and Eternity.

The absolutes just mentioned ought to bridge the not inconsiderable gap between Mr. BRIDIE's manse-parlour of the present day and Tolstoy's panorama of Russia in the days of Napoleon. *War and Peace* is a great novel. The truism has to be repeated in plain words, because there has been an increasing tendency in many quarters in recent years to regard it as a big, lumbering and unsatisfactory piece of work which would be far more effective as (a) a film, (b) a

radio-drama, and (c) a play in the theatre. The film remains in the inchoate stage of being merely talked about. The radio-drama has already been perpetrated. (It was gallantly conceived, but the number of listeners who fell by the wayside can only be compared to the number of Frenchmen who fell in the snow on the journey back from blazing Moscow to sullen Paris.) And now comes the play—adapted by Mr. ROBERT LUCAS, produced by Mr. JULIUS GELLNER (who is, nearly as much as Tolstoy, the real hero of the occasion), and presented by Mr. TOM ARNOLD. Let us freely admit that we went to the Phoenix prepared to chafe, and stayed to be considerably impressed, awed, and even moved. The production is smoothly and unfalteringly ordered. The panoramic backcloths are a great success. There is an abundance of good acting, led by Mr. FREDERICK VALK and Mr. HENRY OSCAR. A fair and clear amount of the central domestic plot of the novel is imparted. An

unexpected amount of the novel's historical trend is communicated. The music too is chosen with artistry. Tchaikovsky's "1812" is evaded with breath-taking self-denial, and we are moved to reflect what an extraordinary amount of martial glory can be conjured up by means of a regular kettledrum and an occasional bugle. *War and Peace* as a play, in short, will give a large amount of people the conviction that they can spare themselves a month's solid reading by gazing at it for three hours. They will be right, in a sense. But they will miss an immeasurably more profound and more lasting experience. A. D.

At the Pictures

NOTHING MUCH

LIGHTWEIGHTS this time; all the more promising films begin just too late for this article, which has to open with *Striptease Lady* (Director: WILLIAM A. WELLMAN)—which to be sure gave me an entertaining evening, but makes no pretence of offering anything either profound or permanently valuable. It is an example of that old, old type, the "backstage whodunit," which can be exceedingly wearisome when made with refinement and pomposity, but turns out in this instance to be raucous, vulgar and amusing.

The lady of the title is not a striptease performer really: the name of this piece in the U.S. is *Lady of Burlesque*, and "striptease" has been used I suppose as the most convenient (and catchpenny) word to suggest what Americans understand by a "burlesque show." She is simply the temporary star of a cheap music-hall, and we see and hear her (BARBARA STANWYCK) put over at least one song in a manner suggesting that it won't be long before she realizes her ambition to be "in a four-forty show and have Sunday nights off."

The motive of the story is murder; and the motive of the murders —? At least one published review has revealed it, and with it the murderer, but I found the detail and the dialogue entertaining enough to make my knowledge of the plot perfectly unimportant. The talk is full of wisecracks that (it may have been only because of the heightened emotional atmosphere) seemed to me good. As a whole the film is rowdy, earthy, and only occasionally for brief moments apt to indulge in that tears-in-the-voice attitudinizing usually characteristic of a "show business" story.

To call *Dubarry Was a Lady* (Director: ROY DEL RUTH) a "light-weight" may seem hard, for it is a sumptuously-mounted Technicolor "musical" with dazzling dresses, vistas of beautiful girls, acres of glittering floor, some good jokes, and the remnants of an idea. It should also have "Cole Porter songs," but since no fewer than five "additional" song-writers are named not many of Mr. PORTER's can be left. While they were getting rid of things I wish they could have removed all instead of most of the original idea: the comparatively short dream-sequence in which the hat-check boy (RED SKELTON) becomes



"Could we have our bomb, please?"

King Louis XV, and most of his male acquaintances the Duck dee something or other (except for a dimwitted friend who blossoms into the Dough-fan) I found forced and dull. Much of the rest is the usual smart-cabaret stuff, introducing various variety turns linked together (or perhaps rather flung apart) by the playing of TOMMY DORSEY's orchestra; but they are mostly good turns. It is with considerable glee that I take in the almost-dead-pan singing of VIRGINIA O'BRIEN, a lovely young woman who can be extremely funny with a slight movement of the eye while she rhythmically chants a song called "Salome was the Grandma of Them All" ("No matter how you slice it, boy, it's still . . . [pom] . . . Salome"). It is too long since I saw her last—I forget in what film. R. M.

Mr. D— Plays Hard-to-Get.

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"Malbampton seems to have a pretty decent 'Holidays at Home' programme. How about Malbampton this year?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The American Revolution

MR. KENNETH ROBERTS, after some years as roving correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post* in Europe, the States and the Orient, turned to the writing of historical novels. Judging from the success of *Northwest Passage*, he had served the right kind of apprenticeship for the composition of the kind of historical novel the modern reader likes, and no doubt *Oliver Wiswell* (COLLINS, 12/6) will be as popular as *Northwest Passage*. In Scott and Dumas historical events form the background to the passions and adventures of individual persons. Nowadays the characters in an historical novel are of no interest in themselves, and what happens to them is of importance merely for the light it throws on the great historical events which are the author's real theme. *Sally Leighton*, the heroine in *Oliver Wiswell*, bobs up only at rare intervals in the course of seven hundred closely-printed pages, and when, after all the complications due to her being on the opposite side from her lover during the American Revolution, she is at last united to him, she has to listen to general reflections which, apart from their unsuitability

to the occasion, are not of a kind which would occur to an eighteenth-century mind—"I don't know what Providence is, Sally; but whatever it is, it must be wiser than we. Perhaps Providence has a greater plan than we can understand. . . ." If, however, the story in this book and the allegedly human beings could be abstracted from it, what was left would form an interesting panorama of the American Revolution. The book opens with a vivid picture of the anti-English rabble who started the Revolution, demagogues filled with hatred of kings and noblemen, and smugglers stirring up trouble to cover their evasion of excise duties. Then, just as the English reader is beginning to wonder at the extremely unflattering view of the rebels presented by the author, General Howe arrives from England, a sulky, fat, ageing sensualist, fettered by the effete traditions of the English army, English politics, and the English governing class. The balance is tilted still further towards the rebel cause when *Oliver Wiswell*, a loyalist, goes to England and meets Sir William Eden, Under-Secretary of State. He finds it impossible to bring Eden or anyone else in power to a true understanding of the situation, and when he returns to America and witnesses the final triumph of the rebels he divines a hidden virtue in the rabble he had despised, and a promise of future greatness.

H. K.

Tomatoes.

Lauded by Vitamins Ltd. and making up in the sun of publicity for what it fails to get out of the English climate, the tomato has risen from the status of a discreditable indulgence, darkly associated with fell diseases, to almost Heperidean heights of inaccessibility and glamour. Yet it is still a good back-garden crop in a warm summer; and Mr. JACK HARDY's conscientious clear little booklet on *Outdoor Tomato Cultivation* (QUALITY PRESS, 5/-) should help the most inexpert tomato-grower over every inch of the arduous way, from filling in the seed order to bottling the superfluous produce. There is one notable omission in an otherwise comprehensive book. The author touches on greenhouses; but—perhaps because it is still so proprietary a process?—he wholly ignores the cloche. The cloche, however, has revolutionized the outdoor tomato. The seed goes straight into the ground under glass; there is no transplanting; and after a lusty life in the open the vine is laid flat on straw and ripens off its fruit, under glass again, in October. Yet even the cloche addict should not miss Mr. HARDY's primer—if only for its invaluable hints on soil, staking, pests, feeds and fillips, and storage. H. P. E.

The Literature of Pursuit

For the last twenty years M. GEORGES SIMENON has been writing novels as effortlessly, and almost as often, as he breathed. During one period he wrote a novel every month; but the average was the quarterly volume containing two *romans policiers*—two new adventures of *Inspector Maigret*. Incomparable *Maigret*, with his homely wife, has solaced innumerable journeys and whiled away who knows how many hours. *Maigret* was the first name you saw on the bookstall—almost the first glimpse of France. Year in, year out, he went on and on. M. SIMENON never tired. But his ambitions have always tended higher, and his last few books to be translated have been classic studies in passion and crime. The new volume, *Escape in Vain* (ROUTLEDGE, 8/6), contains two stories: "The Lodger" is about a young Turkish commercial traveller who is wanted for murder; "One Way Out" traces a hopeless, futile love-affair which ends in suicide. They are laid not in the underworld but on the fringe of it, the

cafés and boarding-houses and dingy *immeubles* which SIMENON knows like the palm of his hand. He belongs to the French school of clinical realism, a true descendant of de Maupassant. He is concerned with words and facts, not explanations. Step by step he follows his characters, without compassion, registering even the grease on an hotel arm-chair or a burnt-out matchstick. It is a paralysing, fascinating method, like a bird watching a snake. Life is not a dramatic sweep, but an infinite number of sordid considerations. "He always studied people with a curiosity that was mixed with another feeling. Repulsion was too strong a word for it. A sort of slightly embarrassed wonderment." That is a description of *Maigret* on the trail, and also of SIMENON.

P. M. F.

Underground Resistance

Janoshik of the Café Mánes at Prague is, so far as one knows, the second hero of fiction to figure as a lavatory attendant. Obviously the job facilitates those spells of quiet meditation and breathless intrigue which recur in the lives of most conspirators. Had Mr. STEFAN HEYM devoted his not inconsiderable skill as a novelist to *Janoshik* and his ineluctable German background he would, one feels, have written a notable book. *Janoshik*, however, founders and bobs up again in a welter of atrocity stories: well-founded stories, no doubt, but all the more deserving of scientific and unimpassioned endorsement. A drunken German throws himself into the river behind the café. The Germans stage a murder and imprison twenty of the café's personnel and clients. One of these is a local coal-magnate who has done too well out of his industry as a quisling; one is an actor; one is a doctor who devotes his last moments to chronicling the reactions of the condemned; one is *Janoshik*, feigned idiot and single-minded patriot. A beautiful Czech heroine, whose character and fate are wholly melodramatic, is a tiresome reminder that *Hostages* (PUTNAM, 8/6) is ultimately dedicated to the crude exigencies of film production.

H. P. E.

Shakespeare in London

Mr. JAMES AGATE has gathered his notices of Shakespeare in London into one volume—*Brief Chronicles* (CAPE, 12/6). In spite of a few notable omissions it is a remarkable collection, covering thirty-one of Shakespeare's plays, some twice, some seven or eight times, besides half a dozen plays by other Elizabethans. As for their quality, well, a mark of a good Shakespearean critic is to send one back to the text. Mr. AGATE does this, ergo . . . His originality, however, lies in sending one back to the critics as well, Hazlitt and Walkley, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Shaw and G. H. Lewes. No dramatic critic before can have shown such a sense of the history of his craft: no one else, certainly, has done so much to keep it alive. The penalty he pays for his devotion is to appear, when read in bulk, less as dramatic critic than as critical editor and anthologist. We learn from Mr. AGATE what his distinguished predecessors said, but his successors may have trouble in finding what Mr. AGATE said. Yet this is merely the perversion of a good principle, and not the result of humility or indolence or lack of ability. If he wishes he can isolate, as well as another man, the quality that sets some performance apart, and in argument he is most persuasive. His notices are full of semi-precious things.

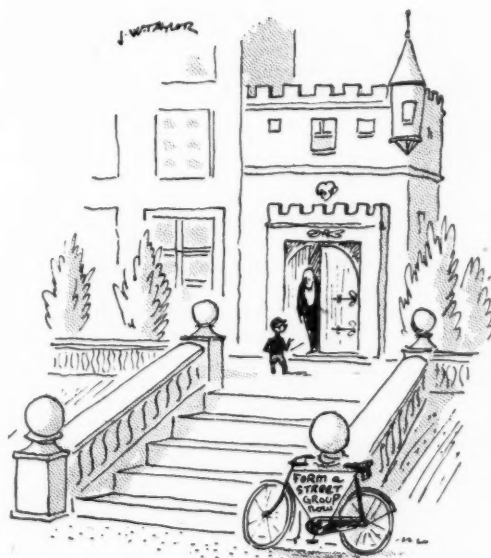
J. S.

The Rise of Japan

It is the habit of England to welcome newcomers into the ranks of the great powers with a cordiality which is

not reciprocated by the newcomers and which in due course is seen to have been misplaced. Cromwell made a treaty with France, which was expanding, against Spain, which was declining, and a little later England and France opened hostilities which lasted with a few intervals until the downfall of Napoleon. Accustomed by this time to regard France as our only enemy, we extended our sympathy to Prussia when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, though with little hope, as one of our papers put it, that a righteous cause would avail the Prussians much against the French preponderance of big battalions. In the same spirit we wished success to Japan in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-1905, and hailed the Japanese victory as "the outcome of Bushido, of the whole training of the Japanese people in the great fundamental principles of human conduct. . . ." We view the emergence of Japan as a world power differently now, as is clear from the title of this skilfully composed pictorial record of Japanese history during the last ninety years (*The Menacing Rise of Japan*, by ALEXANDER HOWARD and ERNEST NEWMAN. HARRAP, 6/-). Within a few years of Commodore Perry's mission in 1854 to negotiate trading relations between Japan and the United States, the modernization of Japan was in full blast. Before 1870 the army was remodelled according to the French pattern, and after 1870 according to the German; the first railway was opened in 1872; laws based on the Code Napoléon were introduced in 1880; a parliamentary system in 1889; and in 1894 Japan surprised Europe by putting up-to-date warships into action against China. Two of the most interesting illustrations in this book show that Japan did not borrow from the West to make herself dominant only in the East. One of these pictures, drawn in 1900, represents a Japanese warrior riding in triumph through a devastated Europe; in the other the Tsar and the Kaiser are limping miserably at the head of a Japanese victory march through the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

H. K.



"I've called on behalf of His Majesty's Government."



A Peap Into the Fuchure

By Smith Minor

O, be content with what you know
Wile on this quewrious Earth below,
For shuold you learn beyond to-day,
Who whats? Gold hair may turn to gray!
(Or whatever colour it was.)—S. M.

TAKE my advise and never let anyone tell your fuchure. It dosen't matter weather you beleive them or not, don't let them do it. You see, if you beleive them ten to one you'll get some shocks, like I've jest had, and if you don't beleive them, well, then, why do it?

Green dosen't agree with me, he thinking it useful to know the fuchure as a guyde.

"Why?" I said. "The fuchure's coming anyway, so why do you need to be guyded to it?"

"I grant you the fuchure's coming anyway," he said, "but the big thing is what's coming with it? Say you're going to have seventeen children, it's best to know in advance."

"I shuold think it's best not to know about it till they've come," I said.

"Then you wuoldn't be able to prepare for them," he said.

"How couold you prepare for them?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "That wuold be a thing to find out."

"I honestly don't beleive you couold prepare for seventeen children," I said. "You couoldn't even work out their names before you knew their seques, and they'd start waighing on you from the moment you knew you were going to have them, why, mine are waighing on me alreddy."

"What, are you going to have seventeen children?" he said.

"No, but enoufh," I said, "and it puts you in a funk."

We went on for a bit longer, but the rest wasn't so interesting, that is, if any of it is interesting, so I will spair the reader more and come to *chez moultons*, as they say.

The way it hapened was like this. A lady called Mrs. Swillit, she can't help her name, was getting up a Fate for the Red Cross, and when she asked me if I'd help her I said yes, if she'd tell me how, but as we couoldn't find out how, we desided that I'd jest come along and spend 2/11½, that being

what I then had. To be honest I'd been saving it up for a new cage for my mouse, it* having looked a bit depressed lately and I thinking a change might chear it, but nachurally the Red Cross is more imporent than mice, so I desided that Edmund* must wait.

Note. I call it Edmund becouse I thort it looked like a boy I used to know called Edmund, and when I found out it was another boy called Marmaduke it was too late to alter it as it was alreddy answering to Edmund. End of note.

Well, anyhow, the day came when this Fate took place, and I soon saw that my 2/11½ wasn't going to go very far, becouse a shilling of it went jest to get inside the gate. When you think that a shilling will buy

(1) 30 big ascid drops,
(2) 300 matches,
(3) 2 copies of *Punch*, or
(4) feed five goldfish for a month,
it seamed a lot, and I said so to the woman who was at the gate saying, "It seams a lot."

*The mouse. Author.

"What, only a shilling?" she said.

"When you've only got 2/11½, it's jest over a third," I said. "Aekttually it's twenty-four seventy-firsts."

"I see you're one of those cleaver boys," she said.

"I'm a bit hot on mentel arithmetic and Scripture," I said, "but not on other things, unless one counts taming small creachures."

"One day you must come and tame my small creachures," she said.

"I'd like to," I said, "espeshully if they hapen to be tadpoles."

"No, they're three baby girls," she said.

"Oh," I said.

And then, as we cuoldn't think of anything more, I went my several ways, as they say, and she stayed at hers.

Well, I had 1/11½ left, and so I began going round the stalls to see what it wuold buy. But do you know I cuoldn't find a thing one wanted, that is, if I was the one, the only things worth having costing 2/6, 4/-, and half a guiney, they being retrespectively an egg, a book on "How to Make a Windmill," not that I want to yet but who knows, I may one day, and a pickture of a lizzard. I hapen to like lizzards. Among the things I cuold of got were the folowing, i.e.:—

- (1) a card with six blue buttons,
- (2) a rather yellow photo of someone called Melber,
- (3) an artifishial flower, you didn't know what kind,
- (4) a book with the garstly tittle, "Little Lucy's Lovers,"
- (5) a chance of a doll,
- (6) a card with four green buttons,

and who *dans son senses* wuold want any of those?

I was about to give up when I came upon an extrdinary woman standing outside a tent. She was drest in quear clothes, and she had sort of maggernectic eyes that made you look at her weather you wanted to or not, wich you didn't*, and when she spoke, as you'll see in a moment that she did, it was in a foreign accent. I'll try to write the foreign accent, but don't expect too much, becorse it's not easy when you haven't done it before, I not having. As soon as she saw me she swooped upon me and said,

"Ah, I ave been loookingk for you."

"I don't see how you cuold of, if you don't know me," I said.

"I know you like ze boook," she said. "I see you in ze cristle."

"Then you must of made a mistake," I said, "becorse I haven't been there."

* Want to. Author.



"... and preferably one of those latest ones with a sliding door which you enter through the cabby's compartment—they're fun."

"Where?" she said.

"Where you said you'd seen me," I said.

Then she laufhed a quear laufh, it was like a hen wuold if it cuold, and then she said,

"Ze cristle ees a beeg glass ball and I see you in zat, I see also your past and fuchure, come in, I tell you."

"No, thank you," I said.

"Mai oui," she said. (Fr. for "But yes.")

"Well, how much wuold it cost?" I said.

"Five shilling," she said.

"I've only got 1/11½," I said, fealing pleased this time that I hadn't got more.

"I do it for zat," she said. "You ave a good face. Come in."

I hadn't said I wuold, but now somehow I cuoldn't think of how not to, one reason being that

"When held by maggernectic eyes
Allsence departs and thinking flies,"

so I folowed her into the tent, wich was as hot as ten ovens, and sat down where she told me to, this being on a chair beside the big glass ball. What with the heat and everything I felt a bit feint, and when she lit something that began making a sickly smell with hands that were like claws, it's true, I'm not making this up, and then started staring into the glass ball and

mutering, well, honestly, I didn't like it. I'd of gone if I could of thort how.

Well, presently she stoped mutering, and said, "yes, you're a very good subject."

"One tries to be," I said.

"What?" she said.

"In a war," I said.

"Oh," she said. "Well, do not too mooch talk or you spoil ze pickture. What is ze pickture? I tell you. Eet is you, oui, I see you in ze cristle. I look right into your insides."

"Do you mean my skellerton?" I said.

"No, your sole," she said. "I am loookingk at your sole. Ze cristle shows everysing, so now leesen what I tell you. You don't like ze pain, you like ze animals, and often you catch colds."

"My hat," I said.

You see, she was bang right! I mean, it made you think a bit! Then she went on, wile the tent seamed to get hotter and hotter, and the stough she was burning seamed to get smellier and smellier, and wile she stared at the cristle like a hyppernitized octerpus she went on,

"Oh, yes, you are vair delickate, you mus be vair careful and not get ze feet wet, and you mus garde ze sneeze, and now I tell you somesing to show you zat I know when you were vair small boy you ad vair bad illness."

"I don't remember it," I said.

"No, you were too small," she said.

"I see," I said. "Well, am I going to be ill again, I feal as if I am."

I really did, thouth mind you, you can't always tell by what you feal. I know one boy, who I'm rather like, who you've only got to say "You look as white as a sheat" to, and he goes off in a dead feint, wile all the time he's as well as a commandoe. She didn't answer for a bit, and when she did it was in a diferent voice, you might call it a sort of singing moan, and this is what she said, i.e.:—

"I see a man in a black coat. Ees carryngk a black bag. Ah, the pickture fades. Ah, eet comes again. E go into a ouse. Yes, a ouse. E go up to a bedroom. Someone zere ees in bed. Oo ees eet? Ze pickture fades. Eet comes again. Eet ees you."

"Are you sure it's me?" I said.

"Mai oui, eet ees you," she said.

"Do I die?" I said.

"You get ovaer eet," she said.

"Then I vote we stop now," I said, "I ouht to go."

"Wait, I see anoizzer pickture of ze fuchure," she said. "You are now young man. You are in a garden. On ze seat is a fair-aired girl. You know a fair-aired girl, yes? You give er a beeg bunsch of fleueures."

"Look here, honestly that's not me," I said.

"Seellence," she said. "Ze pickture fades. Ah, eet comes again. Done spik.

Ze girl once more I see er, but mooch older, and you also mooch older. You are avingk tea wiz nine children."

That farely finished me. I got up, paid her the 1/11 $\frac{1}{2}$, and bunked. I thort if I stayed any longer there might be more.

Well, those are all the peaps into my fuchure I've had, and doesn't the gentel reader agree that they are enoufh? Suppose he, or she, or both, are going to have nine children, wuoldn't they rather have a few more years of happy ignorance? I'll bet he, or she, or both, wuold!

The one thing one hopes is that they'll all be boys. Then, with, say, Green and me, we could make up a cricket team.

Visibility Corner

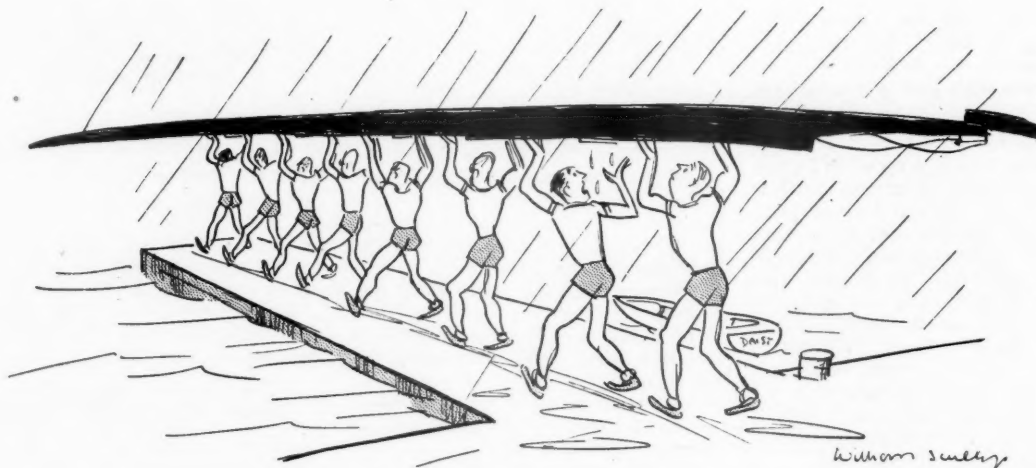
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"The darned thing's leaking!"

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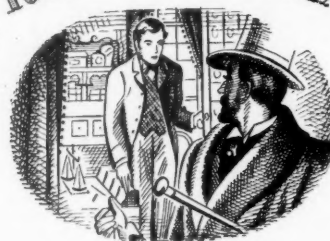
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